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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

No less our rare To-day than epochs gone
May sound the poet's call, "Come up and on!"
The world from gloom of a material age
Is sweeping to a sunlit heritage.
There is a spirit in the air to-day
Which cries, "Return! Resume the righteous way!"
The broader universe which now men know
Seemed bent at first men's faith to overthrow.
With faith and fear went consciousness of right,
But they have found false freedom but a blight.
Though sundered from the dogmas of the past,
They find the soul's high dignity holds fast.
They learn that liberty is not despite—
That freedom is but freedom in the right.
Again they know that good has power to bless;
Integrity is still the one success.

—*James H. West.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVII | THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1906 | NUMBER 20

Flowers have bloomed on our prairies and passed away, from age to age, unseen by man, and multitudes of virtues have been acted out in obscure places, without note or admiration. The sweetness of both has gone up to heaven.

—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

Current Literature for July entitles an appreciative notice of Henry D. Lloyd's "Man, the Social Creator" a "New religion of humanity." It places Lloyd where he belongs—with Mazzini, Tolstoy, Ruskin, et al., quoting effectively the first-named as saying, "The first one who makes a religion of democracy will save the world."

We congratulate our colleague and neighbor, Rabbi Joseph Stolz, of Isaiah Temple, Chicago, over the honors bestowed upon him by his colleagues when they elected him president of the "Conference of American Rabbis" at its recent meeting in Indianapolis. The same meeting made another Chicago friend, neighbor and Congress colleague, Rabbi Schanfarber, its corresponding secretary, thus practically making of Chicago the cathedral city of American Judaism. The Congress of Religion and UNITY, its organ, have much in common with these workers, and we rejoice in the near touch and hope for growing co-operation and an increasing exchange of courtesies.

"Fifty-one lives sacrificed! thirty-five hundred maimed; last year's great record of injury beaten by hundreds!" Thus read the grewsome headlines of the Chicago daily which sums up the fatal harvest of the "Fool Fourth." Surely the menace of the firecracker and the pestilence of the toy pistol must some day be abated and the American youths find some other way of celebrating one of the most thought-laden anniversaries in the calendar of civilization. After the thunder, the earthquake and the fire, may there come the "still small voice" that will honor patriotism, justify sacrifice and rejoice in democracy. Then the Fourth of July will again become the most inspiring day of our national calendar.

In the death of Jules Breton the world has lost another art-interpreter of lowly life—worthy fellow to Jean Francois Millet. Like Millet, he was a painter of lowly life because he was a poet and a thinker. He had little need of city excitements and perhaps little use for city accomplishments or luxuries, because nature was to him a mother and country sights and sounds were to him palatial. We know not where his funeral obsequies will be held or under what auspices, but the most fitting ritual would be the placing above his bier his own "The Song of the Skylark," which constitutes one of the priceless treasures of the Art Institute in Chicago. The barefooted peasant girl on her way to toil, forgetting her task as she stops to listen to the entrancing song of the soaring bird, is fitting hymn, prayer and sermon.

When the story of Captain Alfred Dreyfus is fully told, as it soon will be, it will read like a fragment of mediæval tyranny and intrigue; and in incredibility it will rival the products of Ryder Haggard. That after thirteen years of injustice meted out upon an innocent officer of the French army he should come to his restoration and signal honors is a dramatic vindication of the "mills of God that grind slowly but surely." Of the officers who conspired to his downfall, four or more of them have come to their merited disgrace—one of them to suicide; and the real traitor died in wretched poverty in London after haing sold the secret of his treachery to a news gatherer for a few shillings. The vindication and restoration of Dreyfus is not only justice to a man, but justice to a race, for his cruel treatment was but a manifestation of that more vulgar race prejudice which masks under the too smooth term of "anti-Semitism." This persecution of the French officer is only a refinement of the brutality manifested in the Russian massacres, which again is allied to the silly snobbishness and social ostracism that pursues well-bred and well-behaved ladies and gentlemen in American society. The vindication of Dreyfus is a rebuke and a warning to all those who in any and every country display the barbaric brutalities of race, caste and creed.

We find in the last issue of *The Interior* a very just commendation of the crusade inaugurated by *The Woman's Home Companion.* Certainly our contemporary is right in its judgment of the crime involved in the use of child labor, and we think the church ought to be aroused to its duty:

> The crusade that *The Woman's Home Companion* has so valiantly opened up against child labor is a reason for joy to every lover of the race. Gain-greed has no more wicked charge laid to its account than this cruel use of the toil of children because it is cheap. And there is no other crime against humanity which should quite so surely evoke the indignation of the church. There ought to be more open evidence of that indignation; why, for instance, should a general assembly meet and adjourn and say nothing at all about such a question as this? It makes us proud to know that one of the most influential crusaders against this great abuse in the South

is a Presbyterian minister, and one of the best of his calling at that—Dr. A. J. McKelway. We hope he will, before the end, stir up all the Presbyterians of the country on the subject. It would be a sad thing—for the church—to have this evil corrected and nobody be able to trace any particular church influence in the correction of it.

In the main so say we, but would it seem a very "sad thing" if the evil was corrected and the church miss the glory and reward? It is an unfortunate fact that in the past both the church and the individual has been charged with doing goodness chiefly for the sake of some reward to be attained, whereas most followers of Jesus now realize that his teaching was in harmony with the accepted principle of ethics—truth and goodness for their own sake, neither counting the cost nor seeking the reward. C. A. O.

Professor Ward, the Genial Scientist

The death of Prof. Henry A. Ward, of Chicago, who was crushed by an automobile in Buffalo last week, brings sadness to countless hearts. He was a man widely known, and beloved and honored wherever known—a genial scientist, a lover of poetry. In him culture came to its full fruitage in courtly manners, kindly spirit, gracious presence. In Chicago he shared with his accomplished wife, Mrs. Lydia Coonley Ward, the well-earned reputation of conspicuous hospitality. The doors of their art and science-laden home readily swung open to welcome the advocates of every reform, the representatives of all humane and humanizing interests. As a collector of natural curiosities and a maker of museums Mr. Ward had an international reputation, and his cabinets are the indispensable adjuncts of study in countless institutions of learning. As a student of meteorites he had made for himself a specialist's place, and the exhaustive treatise on this subject, his *magnum opus,* will go unfinished by his painstaking hands. The manner of his death suggests the similar going hence of Professor Currie of Paris, another scientist whose work was cut short by the carelessness or something worse of street drivers.

Mr. Ward was a regular attendant upon and a faithful supporter of the ministry of Rev. W. C. Gannett of Rochester. During the World's Fair, where he gathered, arranged and exhibited the great collection which formed the basis of the Field Museum, he was a regular attendant at All Souls Church. In his death UNITY has lost a constant reader, a faithful advocate. Humanly speaking, his death was tragic; divinely speaking, it was benignant. In the fullness of his power, the serenity of seventy years, he found swift transition.

The Children's Rights

So far as we know, UNITY is the only Chicago journal that has had the temerity to publicly defend Montgomery Ward in his ungracious role of "Watch-dog of the Lake Front." Notwithstanding the favorable action of city council and state legislature and the apparently unanimous sense of the better citizens of Chicago, Mr. Ward in the role of a fronting landowner is still obstructing the John Crerar library in its endeavor to build on the lake shore front of Chicago a million-dollar library building, which, in connection with the eight or nine million-dollar building of the Field Museum and the existing Art Institute are to form a great trilogy of culture for the city of Chicago in its most available and only down-town park. We greatly rejoice in the present and prospective strength of these noble institutions, but with Mr. Ward we resent the encroachment, though it be with such notable public buildings upon the all too meager park territory of the city in this congested neighborhood. These buildings ought and must be built. There is wealth enough in Chicago not only to build them but to secure for them suitable sites without encroaching upon the breathing spaces of the city. We believe that no one would think of this intrusion were it not for the fact that here sites can be obtained without cost; it is really an encroachment of commercialism upon the children's playground, and instead of seeking by special legislation to justify this intrusion, the true public spirit of Chicago should seek to reclaim the lost ground and secure the removal of the Art Institute from its present site, where it ought never to have been built. There are great acres of Chicago territory from Van Buren street south to Twenty-second, from Michigan avenue to the river, where these and many more public buildings could be worthily located; territory which if held at an unreasonable figure by present owners might be condemned by the right of "Eminent Domain." The fact that this present territory constitutes a black district filled with uninviting life, crowded into untenable structures, is all the greater reason why it should be invaded and redeemed by these methods. The fact that it would cost millions of money to buy such sites is no reason why the site should not be procured. The millions of money made in Chicago demand that millions should be spent in and for Chicago—if not by the free acts of its multi-millionaires, then by wise taxation. The way to worthily beautify Grant Park and to make it one of the most notable in the world is to build on Michigan avenue fronting the lake a great line of these public service buildings. The three mentioned might well stretch from the Auditorium to Sixteenth street or beyond; southward from Michigan avenue to Wabash and beyond westward. There is plenty of money, plenty of space, and plenty of time to do all this without encroaching upon the God-given rights of little children. The generations to come can better do without a Crerar Library or a Field Museum than without green lawns for its children to play on, and free access to the health-giving shore of Lake Michigan. But it need do without neither; let us have both. For our part, we rejoice in the persistence of Mr. Montgomery Ward and we would fain encourage the "Watch-dog of the Lake Front."

from the Golden Books

EXTRACTS FROM THE PHI BETA KAPPA POEM READ AT TUFT'S COLLEGE LAST COMMENCEMENT BY JAMES H. WEST

(Mr. West pictures a walk with college men, discoursing on matters of current interest. The lines in our frontispiece and the following extracts indicate the high quality both of the thought and form).

Come, Tom! Come, Harry! walk a mile with me!—
The earth has gold no sordid eye can see:
It lies beside the common road—the way
Where buttercups flash open to the day
And lily-lips reach up to drink the sky
And daisy fields in wind-swept furrows lie.
It dwells in simple thoughts and simple heart,
Forsaking care to find the better part.
Why mumble dust before one's time, I say!
The dust will come full soon, and come to stay.

Amid the gloom, the whippoorwill
His note is calling.
And all the air, no moment still,
Is vibrant with the pulsing thrill
Of crickets, spelling field and hill
With sound incessant, rising, falling,—
Fit chorus for the whippoorwill,
Still calling, calling.

* * *

With thought of earth as more than golden ball
Come dreams of sharing planet-wealth with all,
The race, for ages blind with mental lack,
And bent with woes of brutehood on its back,
At length uplifted eyes to greet the stars,
Spurned its low levels, burst all hindering bars,
Stood upright, knew itself at last as Man.
Let none believe he gains the spirit's goal
Whose prayer is for his individual soul;
Nor that his earthly bread is more than stone
Whose millwheels rumble for himself alone.
He highest "prospers" whose intents are high,
Not bounded by the bounds of "thou" and "I;"
He noblest joys who works with Nature's good,
Evolving harmony where chaos stood;
Who holds the universe a Cosmos sound,
And finds his freedom being nobly bound;
Who does his part to banish ill from earth,
Transforming ignorance to art and mirth;
Who asks no cup at Nature's fruitful fair
Which others may not quaff in equal share;
Who dreams no heaven of arbitrary grace,
But makes his fellowship the human race.
'Tis he I hail as manly man and true;
His knowledge fits him for time's widest view;
Philosophy indeed instructs his life—
He gains its blessing and avoids its strife.

* * *

Oh, June delight; Oh, miracle each day
Which points our path and signals us away!
The piled luxuriance of pink and white
Where orchards lately bloomed, a holy sight,
Is now transformed to bowers of densest green,
Where swelling fruits expand each day unseen.
This wealth unreckoned is our Mother's store,
Who never paints "No Trespass" on her door.

Who first called Nature "Mother"? In his soul
The partial vanished in the larger Whole!
A mother feeds her child with smiles and songs;
No less her milk unto her babes belongs!
A lavish mother has each son of earth,
And sky and flower and mountain make him mirth.
No less her fruits, and even hidden wealth
Which warms and nurtures him and brings him health,
Belong to him by equal right divine
With airs that circulate and suns that shine.
A mother lifts not one, thrusts others down,—
For one a kiss, for one a niggard frown;
Each hungering child receives his needful share,
And drinks her being as he drinks the air,
While all her children she in turn would call
To share with each as she herself with all.
What son were he, by food maternal blest,
Who turned and pushed his brother from the breast!

* * *

And not America alone is ours
To lift to beauty and adorn with flowers.
Love fails which circles land and kin alone;
Its lines must reach to farthest race and zone.
Earth's wine must flow and pity's accents plead
Not less for Congo's good than Belgium's need;
The right must rule, love lisp its sweet "Bismillah,"
No surer in New England than Manila.

How shall our love of wisdom guide our lives?—
By nursing prostrate justice till it thrives.
Put well your knowledge to some frequent use,
The Alpine blossom yields its saving juice.
The truth comes nearest in each latest deed
Where earth is helped, or they are raised who bleed.

Man's triumph-era calls, and we
Should hasten it with song.
Oh, who will walk a mile with me
To clear the earth of Wrong—
Of War, and Woe, and Wrong!

* * *

Let Knowledge grow; let men discern their power
To guide and curb the instincts which devour,
Till all the mighty passion of the race
Shall tend to helpfulness and health and grace.
Here on this planet,—Nature's offspring high,—
Called athropos because he fronts the sky,—
Man's upward look has brought him on his way
From life's deep valley shadows to the day.
And upward, upward still his feet shall climb,
His eyes still lifted to the hills sublime.
Be ours of all men—claiming, as we do,
Philosophy life's blissful avenue—
To stand with love's rebuke and stalwart arm
Across each path which threatens human harm,
Still lifting high, with faith that never halts,
The flame which human destiny exalts;
Till hoping, longing nations, near and far,
All rise and follow when they see the star.

Mother Bickerdyke As I Knew Her

BY MRS. FLORENCE S. KELLOGG, OF FAY, KANSAS.

CHAPTER II.

WORK AMONG THE SICK AND POOR.

David Starr Jordan tells us, "It is for us to express love in terms of human helpfulness" and none, it seems to me, ever did this more fully, more truly than did Mother Bickerdyke. She had a sure instinct for want and suffering that led her unerringly wherever there was need of woman's love and ministry. Others might stand back in fear, might shrink from scenes of want, carnage and suffering. but not she. She only went forward with open, ready hands, and strong, true heart. We used to wonder how it was that she knew of the need that was so far from her. How did she hear of cases of sickness and of want of which those nearer to the scene than she knew little or nothing? Did she wear spectacles of the "Sitbottom" kind that revealed the real needs of all around her whether near or far? Sometimes it did indeed seem so, for nothing seemed to escape her; no case of need or of suffering seemed too far away for her to reach and reaching, help. In very truth she

"Lived in a house by the side of the road,"

and was a true "friend to man" always.

Away out on the prairies some twenty-five miles from her home in Russell, an old soldier was slowly dying from cancer and there we found the good mother, caring for him, dressing the loathsome sore with her own hands, and, in every way possible to her, making smoother his pathway to rest. Back and forth on the long ride she went, nor failed in her work until the soldier was "mustered out" of earthly service. It was when returning from one of these trips she stopped at our home. Her eyes grew tender as she looked out over the peaceful river valley, set in its strong frame of hills. "It is so like the old Ball farm back in Ohio where I grew up," she said, and then she added with a sigh, for she was weary, weary, "if I could only stay here for days and rest how glad I would be." We urged her to do so, but no, "I have so much to do—so many to look after, I cannot stop," she said, and she soon went her way again.

Still farther from her home was another old soldier—one who had been a very brave scout during the war, but ere its close was stricken with a sickness that never left him though he lived until very recently. His disease was of such a nature that he lost nearly all control of his motions and, though a temperance man, he was often suspected of drunkenness, where he was not known, as he had every appearance of one under the influence of liquor. Towards the later part of his life he lost his mind and would often wander away from his miserable home and be gone for days at a time. His family, strangely enough, cared little what became of him, and gave little heed to his coming or going. Consequently they were objects of much "righteous indignation" on Mother Bickerdyke's part. A friend of mine who lived close by her in Russell, tells me that at one time some one of this poor man's family came to Mother Bickerdyke and told her he had wandered away and had not been seen for days. Full of wrath for such neglect she "staid not on the order of her going," but had the old black horse hitched to the buggy and accompanied by her son went at once in search of the old soldier. After a long, weary time they found him lying in some tall grass too sick and weak to move. They got him in the buggy and, supporting him in her strong arms, they drove back to Russell, where by due process of law he was declared insane and sent to the asylum at Topeka. Mother Bickerdyke was appointed his guardian and used often to go down to see him. On one of her visits she discovered that he sat the most of the time in a hard-bottomed chair, and as soon as she got home she went to work and though her hands were so badly crippled it was only with great effort that she could sew, she made a patchwork cushion for him to sit on and sent it on to him. Some one from Russell who visited the asylum soon after the cushion was sent, was commissioned to see if "Comrade C——" was sitting on it. The report came back that he was not—did not have it in fact. The friend who tells me of this incident says: "The letter she dictated and I wrote back to the superintendent of the asylum was enough to make him quake," but, not content with writing, she went immediately to Topeka herself (a distance of two hundred miles) and we who knew her could imagine the scene when she confronted the delinquent official. All this that Comrade C—— might have a cushion to his chair, for needless to say, he had it after that as long as he lived. She counted nothing small or trivial that added to the comfort of her charges, and nothing within her power was too great, too difficult for her to do, so only that it was needed and helped in any way to make life easier or better for another. Her detestation of the way "Comrade C——'s" family treated him, their indifference to his condition—that was pitiful in the extreme—or to his comfort, so aroused her wrath that she begrudged every cent they received from his pension—which were not many while she had charge of it. As his guardian she used all that was needed of his funds for his comfort. Yet, we may be sure, no penny of it was wasted. Her army record, the washing of hospital blankets and stores, of the shirts taken from the backs of wounded soldiers—all tell of her thrift, her ability to save and make a little go a long ways. The lessons of economy learned in the pioneer days in the log huts of her forefathers were "born in her bones and bred in her flesh," she used to say, and she could not waste anything unless it was her own strength and life. Of these she gave without thought of withholding or of economy.

These incidents of her care and watchful oversight for her "boys in blue" are but a few of many that could be cited, for she was always at work in some way for them, and generally had one or more of the sick, "the lame, the halt and the blind" with her. I remember one poor soldier who had been under her care in some hospital during the war, came all the way from San Francisco, and from a sister who lived there, and who would have cared for him, to Russell that he might spend the last weeks of his life with the "Soldiers' Mother," whom he with many others loved so dearly. He knew the end of his earthly way was very near and could not bear not to see Mother Bickerdyke once more and feel her gentle ministries. She took him into her home and cared for him as if he had been her very own and her face was the last that he saw ere he looked upon the angel faces. Her hand held his in its strong, comforting clasp; her voice sustained him as he "fell on sleep" to waken no more on earth. In her home the kindly people gathered for the last rites; from her home his body was borne by kind but stranger hands to its last resting place in earth's bosom, and on each recurring Decoration Day so long as she lived in Russell it was this dear old mother who placed on his grave the beautiful flowers sent from San Francisco for that purpose. And who shall say that the joys of heaven and heavenly rest are not sweeter and dearer to this man (and to many another who, like

him, knew how good it was to feel her care) for all she did for him? Surely there could have been no "dark way" for him to cross while her hands held his, and her love gave him firm faith in the higher Love watching over all.

Like the "Drummer Boy of Kent" she could "never sound retreat" from duty or from service, and there seemed no room for thought of self in her mind. A friend who lived very near her in Russell told me of seeing her "drop exhausted in the street, with her basket on her arm, a morning or two after she returned from the National Reunion at Washington." This trip, though a great joy to her, had exhausted her very much. It was some time in the nineties (the old soldiers who may read this will probably remember the exact year though I do not) and she was growing old, yet knew it not, and was still unremitting and relentless in her demands on herself. She had had but little hope of going. Her son's work was such that he could not go with her, and he could not think of letting her go unattended on so long a trip. Her lady friends had assured her that in case of a way opening for her to go, her wardrobe should be in readiness for instant packing, and when, "at the eleventh hour," word came from her soldier boys in the Solomon (Kansas) valley that a car had been chartered and no attention would be lacking, and they "could not take 'no' for an answer," the dear old lady was almost overcome with her joy and the sense of care and security. Her wardrobe was ready, as promised, but when she brought out her "grip" it was crowded so full of papers, documents and credentials that she must present at "Headquarters" to help her in the work she was planning to do, even at that advanced age, that there was barely room left for a handful of things for her comfort—so much did the needs of others outweigh her own needs always. She made the trip and enjoyed it to the utmost. She accomplished the work she hoped to do in Washington, and was so buoyed up with the joy and the success, with the glad meetings with so many of her "boys" that she did not realize how severely her strength and endurance were taxed, and upon her return home would at once take up the duties she had dropped for a few days. It was her habit to make the rounds among the sick and poor of the town each morning with a great basket of good things upon her arm that she doled out according to the need of each one of her pensioners. But for once even her strong will was not strong enough to conquer, or set aside the weariness of the flesh, and she fell in the street and, for a time, she who had cared so untiringly for others, must herself be cared for, and never was there lack of loving friends who, gladly and gratefully gave service to her. She rested fast, recuperated quickly, and soon was up and doing in the old way.

Not to Be Diverted

The touring car, a writer in *Punch* says, had turned upside down, burying the motorist under it, but the village official was not to be so lightly turned from his duty.

"It's no use you hidin' there, sir," he said, severely. "I must 'ave your name and address."—*Youth's Companion.*

God does not give us character, He gives us only time; He does not give us results, but only opportunities.—*Hugh Black.*

THE PULPIT

The Greatest Need in Religion Today

A sermon preached in Hyde Park Baptist Church, Chicago, June 3, 1906, by Rev. F. E. Dewhurst, pastor University Congregational Church, at the invitation of the Congress of Religion.

Now, I am not at all sure that I know what is the greatest need in religion in our time, but there are a few things which grow more and more clear to me, things which gradually disentangle themselves from the general situation. Some of these things are positive and some are negative. They may be taken as answers to the question, What is *not* the supreme need? I shall offer the negative answers first.

It appears to me clear, in the first place, that the greatest need in religion is not the discovery of some substitute for religion. As a matter of fact, in the last twenty-five years men and women have spent a great deal of time in finding either a theoretical or practical substitute for religion. And in the process they have created many false issues, set up many unreal distinctions, opposed to each other many antitheses which are not real when you think them through. Many of these substitutes for religion have resulted from an increased humanitarian interest. Man and his world, his affairs and needs, have become so fascinating to us that we have felt a sort of impatience for having ever been interested in an idea or practice of religion which kept these interests in the background. So we find people setting excavators at work and digging an immense chasm between theology and sociology, between the worship of God and the service of man. We hear people saying: "I am not interested in the church. My interests are in philanthropy. I don't know anything about these remote, transcendental things the Church and religion have stood for, but here in the human world around me is something I can see, something which appeals to me." So our humanitarian substitutes for religion have multiplied. The fictitious gulf is widened, and the false issues are made more misleading.

But if we have any thought about the ultimate nature and purpose of life, any vision of its eternal worth, any conviction regarding the divine character of the world and the divine relation of human life, those thoughts, visions and convictions should be capable of application to the direct and daily experience of man. If a man's theology has gone on growing, just as his chemistry has gone on growing, then his theology must be a preachable and applicable theology in just the sense that present-day chemistry underlies a thousand things we are eating and wearing, doing and using. Theology is simply, as the Psalmist said, "seeing light in God's light." It is the bringing to bear of our total thought and view of life upon its various parts. It is quite time then that we should pass out of the region of false issues where we make the social and humane interests carry a chip on their shoulder as a challenge to those other interests which, rightly viewed, have no other office than to relate and interpret and illumine the human interests. With what masterly wisdom did Jesus, himself the champion of humanity, the genuine "Son of Man," avoid the false issue when, having reaffirmed the first commandment with its Godward look, he merged it into the humane interest with the word, "The second is like unto the first." Fully to master the scope of those seven words is to make it impossible to look for, or to believe there is, any substitute

for religion. The greatest need in religion must therefore be something that is itself religious.

Another negative answer to our question is this: "The greatest need in religion today is not the need that we should become Hindoos, or any other kind of Oriental. Our need is not that we should become converts to the raptures or the arrogance of Eastern theosophy or Gnosticism in any of their revived and emigrated forms. It may be important for the active Westerner to remember that it is not necessary to change the Hindoo into a railroad building, manufacturing, commercial Yankee in order to make him a useful member of society, but it is even more important for him to remember that he does not himself need to adopt the subtle mood of the East in order to fulfill his own religious life. Someone has wisely said that in things religious, as in other things, we must make a "vital selection." We cannot be everything. We cannot have a catholicity which means the actual embodiment in one person of every possible point of view and inward attitude. But the Eastern mood and temper is the more subtle because it seems to be more religious.

There is something particularly infectious in the notion that we have at last entered the very penetralia of the universe, that we have learned the secret meaning of life, that we have caught the whisper of the Infinite himself. We like to feel that we know it all, and in every brand of Occultism there is something that feeds this pride of knowledge, the feeling that we have been initiated into the mysteries, and that all the subtle situations of life and its dark problems lie before us as an open book. And because this seems to deal with the religion over beyond our visible life, with its actual tasks and its laborious experience, we assume that it is the religious attitude *par excellence.* We need clearly to see that this is not only *not* the greatest need in religion, but that it is not necessarily religious at all.

There is one more negative answer to the question. The greatest need in religion is not the need of maintaining any traditional view of its meaning, or method of its working. The need is not to hold fast all things that have been held, but "to prove all things and hold fast that which is good." Not to keep the dross with the gold, but to make sure that we do not throw away the gold. There is some residuum which at every moment remains as precious and valuable. There is this difference between a reactionary and a conservative attitude to anything. The reactionary attitude holds fast that which has been held. The conservative attitude holds fast that which is good; and the supreme need in religion is not the need of the reactionary, but of the conserving, spirit.

There is still in the common thought about the religious life a considerable amount of what has been called "disguised asceticism," the feeling that religion has to do with a strained, unnatural and negative relation to life, to its fruits and gifts, rather than with a large, free, reverent and joyous use of every experience and opportunity and way of life. The cause of religion at the present time is not so much a losing cause as it is a misunderstood and deferred cause, because so many still assume in a perfectly heedless way that the call of religion is a call back to a view and use of life which is perfectly untenable and entirely outgrown.

And now let us turn to see if we may find a more direct and positive answer to our question—What is the greatest need in religion?

The greatest need, as I see it, is twofold. First, the religious valuation of the world in which we live today; and, secondly, our personal identification with this religious valuation when we have made it.

We need then, first of all, a profoundly religious valuation of the world in which we are now living—the world of knowledge and truth, on the one hand, and the world of our outward material activity on the other. Such a valuation as Tennyson hints—

> "Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> But more of reverence in us dwell."

There is a widespread notion among people that there is some inherent conflict between knowledge and faith, between science and religion, and sometimes scientific men have themselves helped to spread the notion. But there can never in reality be any conflict between these two attitudes. For science has to do with the description of truth; religion has to do with the appreciation of truth. Science asks, Is this a fact? Religion asks, What is the worth of this fact to life?

There is, to be sure, conflict, and plenty of it, inevitable and necessary, between the growing knowledge of man and a religion which has locked itself up in some chamber of outgrown knowledge. But the real clash is between the two knowledges, and not between knowledge and religion, which ought never to have remained in that room and allowed the lock to be turned on it. But when the spirit of religion walks by the side of the spirit of knowledge, with confident step and with the courage of the morning in her heart, then the question she asks of knowledge, as they move on together, is not the querulous and fearing question—Is your fact going to take away my faith? But, How is your fact going to give new value and power and inspiration to my faith?

Therefore it seems to me evident that one of the greatest religious needs at this time is a revaluation of the knowledge and the facts and the data which are heaped up around us. We have a whole world full of things which have not received spiritual assessment and appraisal. We live in a world which in many ways has been transformed by the march of knowledge, but we have not fully appropriated this transformed world to the uses and needs of the religious life. It is not only the psalmists and poets, but the scientists who have taught us that there is one eternal energy and law and spirit in the world, from which spirit we cannot go, even though we cross the seas or make our bed in the grave. But this immense reinforcement of knowledge, these postulates and data of science have not been appraised and valued for the life of the heart of man. We still look at them askance. We go on praying to One who is far off, and thinking of things as men thought of them when they did not live in a unified world. But man cannot permanently live this divided life. He cannot have two masters. He will hold to the one and reject the other. If the world of the heart, the world of our appreciations and values is the dual world with God off there and man here, with its occasional invasions of the divine into the earthly, its alternating revelations and retirements, then the world of the mind must accord with that world of the heart. And we must hear those resolute masters of faith who bid us steel our minds against the acceptance of what they regard as revolutionary and destroying truth. But if, on the other hand, the world which the mind already accepts is this enlarging world of fact, and the description of fact, then that world must be so valued and assessed for the life of the soul that we shall live in it with a great freedom and an unspeakable joy. And it is certainly one of the great religious needs of today that these masses and mountains of truth should be transformed and appreciated as facts of

the spiritual life. Our knowledge has grown from more to more. Now let more of reverence in us dwell.

And the same kind of revaluation is necessary for our activities and industries, as well as for our knowledge. We need to appreciate the spiritual quality of what we are doing equally with the things we know. We need to apply to the whole sweep of life the words we so often confine to a limited and technical religious use: "There are diversities of gifts, but one spirit. There are diversities of working, but the same God who worketh all things in all." For this means that there are many kinds of capacity and talent. Men have differing aptitudes and are doing many different kinds of work, but all this indifference and variety are included in the unity of the one embracing spirit, of the one divine purpose which recognizes all, and, in the end, shapes all to their fulfillment of the eternal ideal. "The field is the world." The sphere of our service is not the cloister, but the open mart, the occupation of our daily life. It is true, as child Pippa sang: "All service ranks the same with God." "There are diversities of workings, but the same God that worketh all things in all."

In this direction then we have need of a religion which means not a "way of looking at certain things, but a certain way of looking at all things"—the increasing recognition that the domestic, economic, social, commercial and ecclesiastical spheres are all partial but coördinate phases of the life of service to the one God who is in all and above all and through all.

And here we touch the final thought, the second aspect of the twofold need. When our world is appraised and valued then we must loyally accept it, and with filial spirit make it our own. The first requirement of a system of taxation is that our property shall be properly assessed, and the second requirement is that we shall pay the taxes. Likewise the requirement of religion is not met, even when we have appreciated and revalued the world in which we live. It then remains that we should acknowledge that valuation in the entire devotion and service of our lives. For the greatest religious need, when the last word is said, is only that a man should be religious; that he should be religious by making the personal response to the universal call of the world. And that response is not made even by believing in the fatherhood of God, but by living in the spirit and under the sense of the divine fatherliness. Nor is that response made by believing in the brotherhood of man, but by living in the spirit and the power of brotherliness. It is not even a true dogma, or a self-evident law, that makes us religious men. It is the truth made life, the axiom incarnate in what we really are, and what we come to do through the spontaneous and habitual expression of the daily life. There can be no greater need in the solar system than that the sun should hold these wandering planets to itself, and bathe them with its radiant light. There can be no greater need in the world of religion than that men should move in the paths appointed to them around the eternal life, and that they should live with joy and courage in the light of the divine countenance.

A Correction

Through an error two book reviews by Rev. W. M. Burgess were credited to Rev. W. M. Backus, in UNITY last week. We humbly apologize to our friends.

But my opinion is that smartness ain't neither he nor she. It's a heap more evenly distributed 'n some of our politicians'll allow.—*Ruth McEnery Stuart.*

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

Congress Receipts for Twelfth Year Beginning June 1, 1905

Cash on hand		$ 75.04
Congress collection		170.50
Rev. W. H. Ramsay, Louisville, Ky		5.00
James Harris, Janesville, Wis		5.00
Mrs. Dennis Murphy, Jeffersonville, Ind		5.00
J. D. Ludden, St. Paul, Minn		5.00
Miss Mary McArthur, Chicago		5.00
Mrs. Phoebe M. Butler, Oak Park, Ill		5.00
N. O. Nelson, Edwardsville, Ill		50.00
Mrs. Phoebe Boalch, Chicago		5.00
Miss Mary E. Hawley, Chicago		5.00
A. Slimmer, Waverly, Iowa		5.00
Alvin Joiner, Polo, Ill		5.00
First Unitarian Society, Greeley, Colo		2.00
Mrs. C. G. Kleinstuck, Kalamazoo, Mich		5.00
Anthony Sawyer, Princeton, Ill		5.00
Rev. W. C. Gannett, Rochester, N. Y		5.00
"A Friend"		5.00
C. H. Williams, Fennimore, Wis		5.00
Unity Chapel, Hillside, Wis		10.00
Mrs. G. Lowry, Hillside, Wis		5.00
Mrs. J. W. Greenleaf, Hillside, Wis		5.00
Nathaniel Schmidt, Ithaca, N. Y		5.00
Miss Mary M. Leppo, Chicago		5.00
N. O. Nelson, Edwardsville, Ill		100.00
Mrs. Julius Rosenwald, Chicago		50.00
Dr. H. W. Thomas, De Funiak Springs, Fla		100.00
Raised by Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane:		
Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Dimoc, Kalamazoo, Mich	$ 25.00	
People's Church, Kalamazoo	25.00	
		50.00
Raised by Dr. R. Heber Newton, East Hampton, N. Y.:		
Mrs. Warner M. Leeds, L. I., N. Y	50.00	
Mrs. Lorenzo T. Woodhouse, New York City	50.00	
John T. Archbold, New York City	100.00	
Mrs. S. C. Thompson, New York City	100.00	
Mrs. F. Stanhope Phillips, New York City	100.00	
Mrs. Wm. A. Hazard	25.00	
Mrs. Faith Moore	100.00	
		525.00
Mrs. Charles T. Catlin, Brooklyn Heights, N. Y		25.00
All Souls Church, Chicago		200.00
P. M. Snyder		1.00
John Dewey		1.00
R. W. Boynton		5.00
Dr. Hirsch (Sinai Temple)		500.00
E. D. Mead		5.00
Alex. Johnson		5.00
Through Dr. Jno. Faville:		
D. S. Brown	$20.00	
E. F. Baldwin	10.00	
D. R. Shean	5.00	
Dan. F. Raum	5.00	
Mrs. S. E. Hodges	5.00	
W. H. Smith	2.50	
W. F. Murray	2.50	
W. D. Hoard	5.00	

E. O. Session	2.00	
Wm. Wolfner	5.00	
Karl Mathie	2.00	
H. G. Woolner	5.00	
Other Friends	36.00	
		105.00
Mrs. J. F. Barrett		1.00
Mrs. Eliz. S. Miller		10.00
L. J. Lamson		5.00
Henry C. Lytton		10.00
J. W. Plummer		5.00
Miss J. Stafford		5.00
John C. Haynes		100.00
S. C. Mason		5.00
Chas. F. Dole		5.00
Ed. W. Emerson		1.00
Dr. Joseph Stolz (Isaiah Temple)		100.00
Thomas Kilpatrick		10.00
Alex. Monroe		2.50
Dr. John Eberhardt		5.00
James Harris		5.00
Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Martin		10.00
P. R. Frothingham		10.00
Mrs. C. G. Kleinstuck		5.00
Mrs. D. Murphy		5.00
Rev. F. A. Weil		2.50
Mrs. S. C. Beck		5.00
Phoebe M. Butler		5.00
Jas. McGrath		3.00
Annie B. Ford		5.00
Unitarian Society, Decorah, Iowa		5.00
W. S. Pearce		10.00
Lewis M. Greeley		5.00
Emily Holland		10.00
Marion Perkins		2.00
		$2,426.54

Congress Expenses for Twelfth Year

Old accounts	$ 333.33
1905 convention expenses	206.33
Postage bills	65.69
Stationery and printing	40.34
Office furniture	47.30
Traveling expenses	24.59
Salaries (seven months)	1,044.84
Convention Expenses, 1906	77.05
	$1,839.47
Cash in bank	587.13
	$2,426.60

Extracts from Letters Received

GEORGE H. DENNY, LL.D., president Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.—I cannot tell you how much I appreciate your letter of the 28th inst., inviting me to take part in the congress meetings to be held in Chicago the first week in June. I especially appreciate the kind partiality of my friend Mr. Jones, whom I most highly esteem, and need not assure you that I profoundly regret my inability to be absent from Lexington at any time during the month of June. I should especially appreciate the opportunity which this notable gathering would afford me to present my views on the subject which you suggest as the basis of my address, but I have to decline all invitations that would take me away from Lexington during this season of the year.

April 30, 1906.

JOHN MITCHELL, president United Mine Workers of America —I desire to thank you for the courteous invitation you extend me to speak under the auspices of the Congress of Religion on Tuesday, June 5. I deeply regret that my work is such that it is impossible for me to do so. I should regard it as an honor to address the members of the congress, and, of course, realize what an opportunity your invitation opens to me.

May 16, 1906.

THE STUDY TABLE

*The Glory Seekers

The book is an effort to give the true narrative of the freebooters and the filibustering expeditions they led in the early days of our Southwest. It has historic merit and value, and is written in an easy, attractive style.

Most of us think that Aaron Burr and one or two others were the only ones who organized and headed expeditions against our nation and the bordering states. As a matter of fact, this book makes it very clear that his was one of the weakest and least. Others much larger, more thrilling, more dangerous, are narrated.

A most interesting study suggested in the book is the complete change the last century has brought to our country with reference to her relations to other governments and with reference to the authority of our central government. Few of us realize how loosely our early states were bound together and how little authority the central government had. The book brings this out forcibly, as it shows the general spirit of secession which was present in the South and Southwest, and in the attacks that forces from the States were permitted to make on other lands outside with the view to making a new nation, part of which nation was to be taken from the then United States.

The central authority which exists today and has been specially emphasized this year would have been the utmost tyranny then, and the manner in which armed forces from the States were permitted to invade Florida, Texas and Mexico would simply be intolerable now. The book reveals the tremendous change. It is worth reading both for the history and for the charms of the story. F. M. SHELDON.

Rockford, Ill.

"Bob and Guides" comes from the Scribners, and is another tip top volume for family reading. It opens with the poorest chapter in the book, and if there were nothing better in it I would throw it aside as hardly worth the while; but the book grows better and better to the very end—so very much better that I class the book as an invaluable for boys. It is not only a capital story, but the book is chock full of wise sayings. The law that it undertakes to establish is that selfishness never pays anywhere or in anything. It invariably deals with boys in a way that recognizes manliness. In fine, I like it every way.

E. P. POWELL.

The Song of the Rose

The birds and butterflies played together.
'Twas summer, and morning, and sunny weather.
The forest sparkled and grew apace,
The fields put on their fairest face;
And down in a garden a little wild rose
Laughed, "I am the sweetest flower that grows."

Full hot at noon did the sunbeams glow;
The garden burst into splendid show
Of lilies stately and poppies bold,
Of hollyhocks and of marigold;
But, swinging gayly, the little wild rose
Said, "I am the sweetest flower that blows."

The parting day had fired the west;
There strayed to the garden on aimless quest
A baby, with hair that had caught the sun,
And a laugh like brooks that at morning run.
Then the wild rose crimsoned and hung its head,
For "She is sweeter than I," it said.

—*M. Eloise Talbot, in The Independent.*

*"The Glory Seekers," by William Horace Brown, A. C. McClurg & Co., 1906.

As Our Contemporary Sees It

In the multiplicity of reasons assigned for a dearth of candidates for the ministry we do not recollect seeing anyone assigned by a paper belonging to a pronounced liberal school of theology until the current issue of UNITY, which represents the liberal thought of Chicago and the west. UNITY thinks the reason why there is a dearth of young men now deciding for the ministry as a life profession is not obscure. Two reasons are assigned. "In the first place," says UNITY, "theology is undergoing a transition. Many honest young men are not sure that they should enter the more conservative pulpit and possibly lack freedom of thought. They also are not ready to accept an avowed liberal view." The second assigned is the hackneyed one of lack of financial support. We are not sure but UNITY has hit upon a real deterrent factor which enters into this much mooted question, though possibly not in just the way the writer is thinking. Unquestionably there is being effected a readjustment along theological lines which amounts almost to a transition in theology. There is a revolt against the hide-bound conservatism of the past in theology misnamed orthodoxy, while there is an attempt to realize a more rational faith, yet comprehended within deeply spiritual lines. In this readjustment theology has the appearance of being in a measure unsettled. Now the strong minded young man insists upon certainties, upon principles that have been established beyond any question whatever before he is willing to devote his life and work to their proclamation. His views may not be correct, but they act upon many minds otherwise favorably inclined to the church and the ministry as actual deterrents. Their position may be unreasonable and inconsistent, but nevertheless the fact remains, and all to the depleting of the ranks of the ministry.—*In Methodist Recorder.*

J. Brierly and the Eternal Religion

BY REV. CHAUNCEY J. HAWKINS, PASTOR CENTRAL CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BOSTON, MASS.

The tragedy of war may, in some degree, be measured by the human wreckage which it leaves in its path. There will always be some who continue to fight the battles long after the war has ceased, and their fighting will be as real and as earnest as though it was still in progress. Others will be discouraged because they have lost in the conflict. They will not be capable of rising to a new point of view and attacking life with new forces. Still others, however, after passing through struggles that have tested the powers of body and soul, have risen to meet the new situation and have lifted a new and more glorious civilization out of the old.

All of these classes may be found as a result of the religious tragedy of the last one hundred years, the tragedy of the conflict between science and religion, a tragedy which may be read in such books as John W. Draper's "Conflict Between Science and Religion," and Andrew D. White's "Warfare of Science With Theology of Christendom." That conflict is over. Religion and science do not belong to conflicting spheres. Science and revelation are really the same thing. "There is no true revelation that is not science, and there is no true science that is not revelation." There may continue to be some conflict between science and some types of theology, but there cannot be between science and revelation, for revelation is truth, and what is not truth is not revelation. But there are some who do not know that this conflict is over. They are still fighting the old questions between geology and Genesis with as much vigor as the man in the Mississippi bottom is still throwing up his hat for Andrew Jackson. Others have lost their faith. Their religion was bound up with a system of theology and their religion crumbled with their theology. The old conception of the Bible has been rendered untenable and the Book has become meaningless. Their narrow conceptions of spirituality have become absurd and they have hastened to the conclusion that there is no spirituality. It is said that there are less than two million "practising catholics" in France out of a population of forty million. The nation has been driven to a practical atheism, because the only religion it has known has been that of an imperfect institution, the discovery of which has resulted in the recoil of the nation to irreligion. There is, however, a third class who have passed through all of the perils of change, have been uncompromising in their devotion to truth and, after enduring the pain and weariness, and sometimes almost loss of hope, have finally reached the promised land, where have been built altars to a God more glorious than they ever knew and where flourishes the eternal religion.

J. Brierley must be mentioned as one of the most prominent among this latter class, a man who has gained wide reputation in both England and America, whose resources seem to be inexhaustible, and who astonishes us by the freshness and spiritual insight which each new book reveals. An editor of an English religious journal, the author of several volumes of essays on ethics and religion, he continues to interest us with his alert mind, stored with allusion, apt in quotation from the classics of all literature, by which he illustrates life, as much as he charmed and interested by his first volume with which he delighted thoughtful minds. Having penetrated the mere form of institutional religion and the symbolic character of theological language, he has had a vision of the eternal religion, that which is universal and permanent.

He says: "Where the church has fallen into error, and brought confusion into our thinking, has not been in affirming the Divine revelation, but in restricting it to one particular time or set of times, and to one particular order of ideas. Whereas the Divine revelation is an eternal one; has been going on from the beginning; is going on now." The conflict, which has been waged about the Scriptures for a hundred years, has not been caused by the affirmation that the Bible was a Divine revelation, but by the denial of the fact that the immanent Goodness spoke through Guatama, Socrates and Epictetus; by the failure to recognize that wherever there was truth there was revelation. The early Greek fathers did not hesitate to include the pagan philosophers among those Christians who prepared for the coming of Christ. Among the reformers, Zwingli spoke of "the assembly of all the saintly, the heroic, the faithful and virtuous, when Abel and Enoch, Noah and Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, will mingle with Socrates, Aristides and Antigonus, with Numa and Camillus, Hercules and Theseus, the Scipios and the Catos, and where every upright and holy man who has ever lived shall be present with his Lord." When one set of people proclaimed themselves as the elect through whom alone God spoke, they did violence to the religious nature of mankind, the result of which was a religious revolution. Aristocracies have always, sooner or later, been the cause of rebellion. It could not be otherwise with a religious aristocracy, the most repulsive and intolerant type of human society. The elect, however, have been dethroned and we are permitted to enter with freedom into the religious experience of

humanity, where we discover that there is no time or place where the Good Voice is not heard, and that the chief business of mankind is to interpret that Voice into language and conduct.

It is this eternal revelation that is the confounding of the theological system-maker. He tries to build his tabernacle to include all men, and casts out from his house of God all other system-makers as heretics. Buddhism, Mohammedanism, the various uncountable Christian sects, and all other religions, have in their turn claimed to be the one true and infallible system. But these system-makers are constantly confused by the fact that their own systems are changing under their very eyes, that they, themselves, are changing like their theories, and even when they rebel against this work of Satan still they change. The most orthodox of all sects have so changed in the last fifty years that they live in a new world. It is the spectacle of man "in incessant rebellion against himself. The system-maker is by equal necessity the system-destroyer."

The reason for this is that man himself is an "eternal changer." His creeds and constitutions are always changing because he is always getting bigger. "Man is not a Being so much as an eternal Becoming, a passage always from one stage to another." His creed must change because he changes. Man's soul is the very "tissue of revelation, the treasure house out of which it all has come. And yet it is not you, but the Something within and behind, that is greatest of all. For you are ever the Eternal coming into time, and by your growing spirit making Himself visible and giving himself speech." The system-maker is a true and sincere man because he has given time and thought to translate into words what this immanent Something has revealed in him. He has faithfully fulfilled what is the chief business of every man, to permit God to speak through him. Where he makes his mistake is in assuming that God speaks only once, that the conversation is forever closed. Man is God come to reality, and the imperfections of God must be made perfect through our becoming. All religions are a part of this eternal process. What is true in all of them is the expression of the abiding part of the eternal religion.

The advantage which Jesus had over all founders of religions was not in the truth to which he gave utterance. Much of it had already been expressed by Greek, Roman and Eastern philosophers, as well as by Hebrew prophets, but he possessed a soul of such divine sweetness that it has ever since been a source of moral uplift to humanity, a soul that expressed all of God that the world had ever known, and much of which it had never dreamed.

All religions have tried to give expression to a few great, ineradicable mysteries which fill the human soul. There have been incarnations in India, and Egypt as well as in Palestine. The dogmas of revelation, atonement, resurrection, have all been held by the Babylonians, Mexicans and hosts of other peoples. The mere fact that the great beliefs have asserted such authority over the human consciousness is testimony that they have "some sure relation to the reality of things." The mistake men have made is in asserting that the ultimate explanation of the mysteries is contained in their particular statement of the dogma, while the statement is only "the dim adumbrations of a reality whose other and higher aspects are slowly but perpetually disclosing themselves." Every article from the universal creed is a feeble expression of a "truth immeasurably vaster and more benign" than any presentation of it.

Most of the incarnations among the Eastern religions have been hideous. Some of the attempts to explain the Christian incarnation have been repulsive, provocative of contempt, open to the attacks of the enemy. The modern critical mind is rapidly turning from these middle age christologies, a fact which, to some, seems prophetic of religion. But at this very moment new light on the incarnation has dawned. Through philosophy with its interpretation of history as "successive forms of one Divine idea" and through science with its theory of development from lower to higher forms of life by means of resident Forces, "we see Divinity burying itself, as it were, at the beginning, in the very roots of things, working up through one phase of existence to another, shaping animal forms as successive lowly expressions and adumbrations of what was coming, until, in man, and the soul, it reaches a clear consciousness of itself. It is the heavens coming up through the earth. It is the Highest taking on the form of a servant. Ultimately, on the plane of history, and as part of and indissolubly related to the whole movement, emerges a soul in which the whole secret of the Divine character is manifested." Wherever man lives good and reasonably we discover the incarnate Word. The one Spirit is in the world creating for itself successive bodies, deserting the imperfect for a more perfect form. It is not into irreligion that we are drifting, but into a fuller and higher religious experience. "He that descended is the same that ascended that he might fill all things." The incarnation, instead of being confined to one time and place, is universal and with the passing of years becomes more complete.

Mr. Brierley's insight into the spiritual nature of Christianity has saved him on the one hand from the skepticism into which many have been forced by the great discoveries of science, and on the other hand from the deadening effects of a sensuous religion based upon the letter of Scripture and tradition. If the Cross was a stumbling block in the first century, it was no less a stumbling block in the nineteenth. The Cross as the placation of an offended Diety has been the great offense of the modern mind. The human heart is too human in this age to be comforted by the murder of an innocent being in order that an unhuman God might consistently receive the prodigal. It would be more comfort not to believe in God, than to be compelled to accept that immoral doctrine. Yet that Cross continues to melt and win the human heart. Why? "The Cross became the fountain of redemption because it throbbed with the spirit of redemption. In their sorrows, in their loss, in their disgrace, in their weakness, in their hour of death, men lift their eyes to the Cross because there they see, in a light which no lapse of time, no change of circumstance can ever dim, a perfect submission, a perfect self-sacrifice, a perfect love which reach even to the evil and to the lost."

As one closes the pages of "Ourselves and the Universe," "The Common Life," "The Eternal Religion," and other volumes of Mr. Brierley's illuminating essays, it is with the comforting consciousness that this universe in its ultimate meaning and reality is a spiritual universe, and that the great essentials of the universal faith are permanent, pregnant with a life which ever brings before us things new and more glorious. The cry of the coming "irreligion" is drowned in the sweet consciousness of a spiritual presence which is filling the world, which is in us, speaking words of hope which drive out the demon of pessimism and leave the world beautiful in its becoming.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Railway Catastrophe.

Another deadly catastrophe was added to the world's list of railway casualties Sunday morning, July 1, when the London & Southwestern night express from Plymouth was derailed at Salisbury while running at top speed, and converted into a heap of splinters. The disaster appears to have been due to a bad attack of *celeromania* on the part of the railway company, which went unchecked one train too many. The company, in a vain desire to outdo its rival, the Great Western, was seeking to establish a new time record between Plymouth and London, and, with a fine disregard of even elementary principles of precaution, suffered the train to maintain a speed of over seventy miles an hour through the station at Salisbury. The old story was told again. The light rolling stock was unequal to the strain, the engine, followed by the carriages, left the track, dashed into a milk train and the steel girders of a bridge, and more than twenty lives were snuffed out in a few seconds of time under circumstances of the most horrible character. The fact that nearly all the passengers, both killed and injured, were Americans, who had just landed from the liner New York, transforms our first feelings of general horror into the more specific ones of sympathy and personal interest. Investigations are being made by the authorities, but neither these nor the universal expressions of self-censure in the English newspapers can undo the wrong or assuage the grief of the bereaved. Owing to the prompt work of the Salisbury fire department the horrors of a human holocaust were not added to those of a human shambles.

Bureaucracy Indicted.

Conflicting reports, as usual, come from Russia. Creditable evidence, however, seems to be at hand in the shape of the report of the Douma commission on the Bialystok massacre, which attributes the atrocities not to race hatred but to secret inspiration from Bureaucratic sources. Plehve, of sickening memory, promulgated the custom of butchering off a colony of harmless Israelites occasionally as a counter-irritant to revolutionary spasms; and the bloody Trepoff, who sat at Plehve's feet, appears to have been a most worthy successor, snapping his fingers in the face of the Ministry of the Interior and continuing Plehve's policy with true Bureaucratic fiendishness. The Bureaucracy is making its last bitter fight for survival and for the destruction of the Douma, and the end is not yet; but a day of reckoning must some day come. Trepoff has been indicted by the people as the real cause of the alleged anti-Semitic demonstrations; his little oligarchy, so long *the* Government by virtue of possession, is bankrupt, and the rapid growth throughout the empire of the various political and social propaganda of modern civilization—some for good and some for ill but all for anything but the present regime—makes for the reasonable certainty that a tremendous upheaval will occur in due time. The world's eye is upon the evolutionary and revolutionary drama in which benighted Russia is the protagonist.

The Muck-Rake Congress.

A literary contemporary has applied to the Fifty-ninth Congress, the first session of which has just ended, the term "Muck Rake Congress." This picturesque and now thoroughly popularized adjective is used not in a spirit of reproach but merely as being succinctly descriptive of the character of the executive pressure to which the Congress was subjected. This term is perhaps more delicately suggestive than would be the balder one, "Rooseveltian." Certain it is that no congressional legislation in our history bears a clearer presidential hall-mark than do the enactments of the Fifty-ninth Congress. With the Executive dynamo working incessantly, oiled by popular clamor, investigations, revelations and what not, the congressional motor was bound to do something, and those few but important and far-reaching measures, now Federal statutes, attest the patriotism and indefatigability of our gubernatorial engineer.

United States Bond Issue.

Average investors will not be attracted to any large extent by the latest Government bond issue, subscription to which has been offered to the public by the Secretary of the Treasury. The proceeds of the bonds are to be used in Panama canal construction. The bonds will bear 2 per cent interest and are payable in thirty years but redeemable in ten at the Government's option. "The Street" opines that the National Banks will get the lion's share for the purpose of securing circulation. Trustees of large estates too, with idle funds on hand, may be moderate buyers. A money stringency is not anticipated since fresh currency, based on the new bonds, will be shortly forthcoming and Government deposits in the banks be replaced by the bonds.

Revival of the Classics.

The movement in recent years to discredit the practical value of classical training seems to have been checked. A timely discussion of the question is to be found in the current number of the *School Review*, where men who are no theorists but real live physicians and engineers declare unequivocally that our embryonic professional men of today are "badly off" without some classical training as a background of mental precision, accuracy of thought and speech, to the foreground of technical study and research. Such testimony is refreshing to the believer in the traditional humanistics, in what President Thwing calls "the intellectual severities and virilities." In this connection it may be said that the Classical Association of the Middle West and South, a stalwart, yearling organization, is doing its part to enthuse, instruct, equip and organize for better and more effective work our classical teachers. On these teachers must rest the burden and the ultimate responsibility, if we are to witness a true renaissance of classical study.

Vindication of Dreyfus.

Of international interest is the announcement from France that Captain Alfred Dreyfus, the victim of the most monumental and infamous bureaucratic conspiracy of modern times, is at last to come into his own and be restored to his long-lost position of honor in the French army. Legally branded as a traitor, technically an outcast, a man without a country, Dreyfus for twelve years has endured the indignities of degradation, banishment and miscarriage of justice with the characteristic fortitude of his race. He is now to be vindicated and exonerated. The verdict of the Rennes court-martial is to be quashed without re-trial and the stigma of treason removed from the long-suffering martyr, officially at least. The world commiserates Captain Dreyfus for the dramatic dishonor that has robbed him of the best years of his life, but felicitates him upon having lived to witness the confusion and humiliation of his enemies and to receive that poetic justice which appeals so mightily to human sympathy the world over.

Jules Breton.

An artist who was happier in his choice of material perhaps than in the technique of its use, left vacant by death last week a place in the ranks of genre painters which for the present must remain unfilled. Breton's canvases, depicting peasant life, are notable for suggesting those phases of life among the lowly where the toiler's spirit is for the moment lifted from itself into the higher realms of emotion. The Greeks knew this state of mind exactly and called it *pathos*. To Breton art concedes a conspicuous niche in Fame's fane.

Harvard vs. Yale.

Harvard rules the wave, in New England at least, for the fourth time in twenty-one years. The professional coach seems to have broken even for the honors of victory with the brawn and steady heart-action of the crimson eight. As in college football, so in the regatta, it still seems to be an open question whether or not the abolishment of professional coaching "hamstrings the game." "Sports to win" is now engaged in a neck and neck struggle with "sports for sport's sake."

The Fourth.

The customary bandaged and becrutched train of patriotic lockjaw candidates came trailing along dismally in the wake of Independence Day. Two score or more throughout the land gave their undemanded lives to their country, and the returns show the average amount of noise and lawlessness. So hard it is, with savage instincts still rampant in the human breast, to force the process of evolution. One chief of police in a small city offers a partial solution of the problem taken from his own recent experience: he turned the juvenile offenders brought before him into miniature officers of the law and sent them back to their mates clothed with authority and stars. He says it worked. The suggestion is amusing, certainly psychological and sane. That chief ought to be teaching civil government in some one of our congested centers and leave his desk sergeant to preserve provincial order.

French Lick.

Governor Hanly, of Indiana, has opened fire successfully upon the mammoth gambling joints at French Lick and West Baden. The eminent politician who presides over the French Lick board of directors puts up a technical and very lame defense, apparently more surprised than hurt. He will doubtless have to yield to popular pressure. The doughty Governor has stormed a hitherto impregnable fortress of iniquity, to the joy of every honest seeker of health at these resorts.

P. S. W.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUNDAY—

Listen! the choir is singing: all the birds,
In leafy galleries beneath the eaves,
Are singing! Listen ere the sound be fled,
And learn there may be worship without words.
—*Longfellow.*

MONDAY—

Then sing in the hedge-row green, O thrush!
O skylark sing in the blue!
Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear,
And my soul shall sing with you!
—*Ina D. Coolbrith.*

TUESDAY—

Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them—who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
—*From "Birds of Killingworth."*

WEDNESDAY—

"However the world goes ill,
The Thrushes still sing in it."

THURSDAY—

No ladder needs the bird, but skies
To situate its wings,
Nor any leader's grim baton
Arraigns it as it sings.
—*Emily Dickinson.*

FRIDAY—

The Songs of Nature never cease,
Her players sue not for release.
In nearer fields, on hills afar,
Attendant her musicians are:
From water brook or forest tree,
For aye comes gentle melody,
The very air is music blent—
An universal instrument.
—*John Vance Cheney.*

SATURDAY—

Beyond the towering chimneyed walls that daily meet my eyes
I hold a vision beautiful, beneath the summer skies;
Within the city's grim confines, above the roaring street,
The *happy birds of memory* are singing clear and sweet.
—*Garrett Newkirk.*

Clever Little Hammerhead

Great many other birds build very elaborate nests or houses, but none seem to have acted with quite the same modern architectural spirit as the hammerhead. Most birds, too, are content with providing warmth and shelter for their little ones, without having any care for themselves; but our bird seems much more civilized than that. It is not a very large bird—not more than twenty inches in length; yet it builds a house nearly ten feet long, and lays it out in rooms!

It selects a sheltered ledge of rock when possible, sometimes choosing a spot almost inaccessible to man, but sometimes building also on the open plain. The structure is half as wide as it is long, and has a domed top, as if the feathered architect knew that the arch is the strongest possible shape. The walls are built of twigs interwoven firmly, and filled in with clay; and so substantially is the work done that, when completed, a heavy man may walk over it without injuring it in the least. The house is built on a slightly inclined surface, and the door is placed at the lower end in order that the floods of rain which fall in that country may not pour into the dwelling.

The doorway is the smallest opening possible for the bird to enter, and is frequently so disguised that it is no easy matter to discover it, even though you may have first seen the bird dart through it.

The outer doorway opens into a small antechamber, which leads through a small entrance into a larger room, which in its turn opens by a doorway into a spacious apartment raised one step above the floor of the other chambers, and carpeted with soft leaves and velvety moss. In the last and choicest apartment the mother bird lays from three to five snow-white eggs; and there the little birds first peep forth from their shells.—*From "Strange Nest Builders," in May St. Nicholas.*

Sow! Sew! So!

This is the way my father sows,
As up and down the field he goes,
Walking fast, or walking slow,
Right and left the grain to throw.
Father knows,
While he goes,
That the grain thrown here and there
By and by good crops will bear.
All he loves will have a share
If the grain he throws with care.
So he throws,
So he goes.
Sow! Sow! Sow!

This is the way my mother sews
As up and down long seams she goes,
Working, singing soft and low,
While she's sitting there to sew.
Mother knows,
As she sews
Jackets, trousers, aprons, too,
Johnnie's hat and baby's shoe,
Patching old, or making new,
Love runs all the stitches through.
This she knows,
So she sews.
Sew! Sew! Sew!

I can neither sow nor sew.
When I'm big, I'll learn then, though.
But while little, as I grow,
Little bits of love I'll show.
For I know,
As I go,
'Tending baby, calling Nan,
Running errands like a man,
Helping mother all I can,
Love will grow where it began.
Ah! I know,
See, 'tis so.
Little bits of love count up,
Like drops of water in a cup.
Fill it—so!
'Twill overflow!
So! So! So!
—*Eva Lovett, in Youths' Companion.*

Longfellow's First Poem

(Written at the age of 9 years.)

Mr. Finney had a turnip,
And it grew behind the barn,
And it grew, and it grew,
And the turnip did no harm.

And it grew, and it grew,
Till it could grow no taller;
Then Mr. Finney took it up
And put it in the cellar.

There it lay, there it lay,
Till it began to rot;
When his daughter Susie washed it,
And she put it in the pot.

Then she boiled it, and boiled it,
As long as she was able;
Then his daughter Lizzie took it,
And she put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife
Both sat down to sup;
And they ate and they ate,
Until they ate the turnip up.
—*From Everywhere.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Vacation Notes

THE LIBRARIANS AT NARRAGANSETT PIER.—Among the many conferences and conventions that are annually held in this broad land of ours, few receive less notice and publicity than the annual conference of the American Library Association. On the other hand, few are doing a more constant, purposeful, enthusiastic and devoted work for the education, recreation and general mental and spiritual edification of the masses of the American people that the earnest, alert, and intelligent body of men and women who compose that organization. The American press might well give more heed to these library conferences, since from them has come in large degree the inspiration which has made this the age, and America pre-eminently the land, of the free public library, the great popular educational institution that has been well called the "people's university."

The American Library Association and its activities have been not merely a source of instruction and inspiration and the medium of much profitable co-operation among individual librarians; its conferences—of which the present is the twenty-eighth in the thirty years of its existence—held now in town or city, now at some seaside or mountain resort, now in the east, now in the west, south or center of our broad land, now on one seaboard and now on the other, have been a powerful stimulus to the development of public libraries and to the intellectual life of the sections of country where they met.

Last year, following an urgent invitation from the northwest, the A. L. A. took its westward way across the Rockies to the Pacific coast, making its annual conference a part of the Lewis and Clark centennial celebration at Portland, Oregon, with a post-conference trip to Alaska, which those who took it declare to have been the event of a lifetime. Incidentally libraries at Seattle, Tacoma and other places were visited and a distinct impetus was given to library development throughout the northwest.

Now for days the library hosts have been wending their way from all parts of the country to the Atlantic seaboard, the objective point being Narragansett Pier. One Chicago delegation left that city in a body on the morning of the 27th via the Lake Shore, while others, including the writer, took the more roundabout but attractive way through Toronto, Montreal and the Merrimac valley or the White mountains to "Little Rhody." At every stage of the journey A. L. A. members were encountered until when the last change was made at Kingstown the crowded train contained few who did not belong to the Association. The parlors of the New Mathewson Friday evening showed fully the average number already on hand and more are arriving by every train.

At the opening session on Saturday morning the Association was cordially welcomed by Lieut. Governor Frederick H. Jackson on behalf of the state, Mr. H. L. Koopman, librarian of Brown University, in behalf of the Rhode Island Library Association, and Mr. Rowland G. Hazard, of Peace Dale, on behalf of the local committee.

The address of President Frank C. Hill, formerly head of the Newark, N. J., public library, now librarian of the public library system of Brooklyn, N. Y., dealt suggestively with the inevitable changes that time and growth have brought in the problems and duties of a librarian, the necessity for business training and ability as well as scholarship, to meet these modern requirements, and the development from the single library to the central collection of books with numerous branches, in all large centers of population.

The membership of the association passed the thousand mark at the Boston and Magnolia conference in 1902; today the secretary's report shows a registration of 1,828 individual members.

The treasurer's report shows a capital of about $667,000 in the hands of the association, $100,000 of this being the permanent endowments made by Andrew Carnegie in 1902 for the work of the Publishing Board of the Association; while $6,000 of the balance is the permanent endowment fund raised years ago for the general purposes of the Association. A special committee on ways and means reports encouraging progress in its effort to increase the resources of the association with a view to establishing a much needed permanent headquarters, probably in New York or Washington.

For the first time, the National Educational Association is officially represented at the A. L. A., and the general session of Monday morning was a joint meeting of the library department of the N. E. A. and the American Library Association, Dr. James H. Canfield, librarian of Columbia University, presiding.

Dr. Nathan C. Schaeffer, Pennsylvania superintendent of public instruction, and president of the National Educational Association, delivered a masterly address on the work of the library and the school. It was replete with pithy, suggestive utterances and well adapted—as he meant it should be—to clarify one's ideas as to the primary and vital purpose of these educational institutions. Some people seem to think, he said, that the school and the library are burdens which civilization has to carry; let us, however, never forget that civilization is the burden that the school and the library have to carry.

Dr. J. N. Wilkinson, president of the library department of the N. E. A., though announced as one of the speakers, was unexpectedly prevented from coming, but there can be no doubt that this joint meeting will result in closer and more effective co-operation between these two representative associations.

Admirable papers were read at this session by Miss Clara S. Hunt, superintendent of the children's department of the Brooklyn public library, on the children's library a moral force; and by the ever-popular, practical and sympathetic library visitor for the Wisconsin Free Library Commission, Miss Lutie E. Stearns, on the Problem of the Girl. A lively discussion of these two papers followed.

The third general session was an evening one, held, like the others, in the ballroom of the New Mathewson hotel, the general topic being: The public library as a municipal institution.

Hon. David A. Boody, president of the Board of Trustees of the Brooklyn Public Library, treated it from the standpoint of its relation to the city as an educational institution; Mr. H. G. Wadlin, librarian of the Boston Public Library, as affecting its administration.

In the unavoidable absence of Mr. Teggart, of the Mechanics Mercantile Library of San Francisco, a succinct report was made by Mr. Chas. S. Greene, librarian of the Free Library of Oakland, Cal., on library losses by earthquake and fire at San Francisco. Already reconstruction and activity have begun. Though but one book was saved from the main collection of the public library housed in the City Hall, certain of its branch libraries escaped destruction, and many of the books out in circulation at the time of the fire are being returned, giving the library a good working collection as a nucleus for the new start. Contrary to early reports, about half, and probably the more valuable half of the Sutro library, was saved. This collection has never been catalogued or arranged, so no one could tell with any certainty how irreparable a loss even its partial destruction would entail. San Francisco, according to Mr. Greene, is not begging for gifts, her attitude being that of the old fellow who said of a correspondent inquiring as to his needs: "If he wanted me to have anything he'd have sent it," but she will gratefully receive any such gifts of books or periodicals as we would like to receive for our own libraries under similar circumstances.

Before and between sessions, the beach

is the center of attraction, where numbers enjoy the fine bathing facilities, while others watch from the promenade above or stroll along the fine hard sand for exercise. The extreme heat in which we arrived on Friday was relieved by a sudden change of temperature on Saturday evening, and Sunday was an ideal day for walks and drives. While many dutifully went to church in the forenoon, the trolley, carriages, automobiles and faithful old shank's mares were all pressed into service in the afternoon to carry delighted groups out into the wealth of blossoming wild roses of every tint from white to crimson, that with bind-weed, honeysuckle, black-eyed Susans, daisies, locust blossoms, and the fragrant bay for a setting, makes this whole region a riotous garden of verdure and bloom at this season. Truly, as one of the welcoming speakers on Saturday foretold, we do now appreciate Roger Williams' statement that the name Rhode Island signifies an isle of roses.

We have driven to Point Judith, trolled to Peace Dale for a look at its homelike Hazard Memorial Library and a glimpse of the homes of different members of the Hazard family, including that of Miss Caroline Hazard, president of Wellesley College. Ideal indeed seemed the conditions in Peace Dale, when the librarian explained that the library building is opened by the janitor at 7 a. m. and from that hour until 8 p. m. whoever will may enter, read and rest, whether any one is there in charge of it or not. Not a book or curio has ever been lost by thus confiding all its treasures to the protection of the public for whom they have been collected and so picturesquely housed. M. E. H.

The Spirit of Unity

BY REV. W. DOUGLAS M'KENZIE, D.D., PRES. OF HARTFORD SEMINARY.

Various communications and articles in the *Advance* and *The Congregationalist* have awakened in me the desire to say a few things, which may not be without value, on the spirit with which we Congregationalists should carry on the discussion of the proposed union of the three denominations. The letter of my friend and former pupil, Rev. R. W. Gammon of Decatur, Ill., in *The Congregationalist*, June 9, has brought me to the writing point.

1. It is a sad but an indubitable historical fact that complete unanimity has been rare when unions of denominations have taken place in the past. And yet these unions have almost invariably produced immense good, even although small sections of one or both of the uniting bodies have refused to go with their brethren. The mere fact, therefore, that some, moved by strong conservatism of spirit and other sentiments, may hold back, is no conclusive argument against the promotion of union between allied denominations. That there should be any dissentients from such a course is certainly to be regretted, but it would be a remarkable movement which was carried on without them.

2. I do not believe that any union was ever consummated in reference to which one criticism was not steadily made, namely, that the churches were not interested, that the laity as a whole were not taking part in it. I have watched several movements for union on both sides of the Atlantic, and have been always amused as well as surprised at the persistence with which this argument was pressed. I do not know what practical people expect the laity to do in such a case in order to manifest their interest; or whether they believe, when they take the whole circumstances into account, that it is possible for the general mass of private members in large denominations to cherish much enthusiasm for any such movement when it does not directly affect the immediate life of their individual congregations. They may be convinced that it is right. They may acquiesce in its promotion. But the last thing that I would expect would be, in any such movement, a widespread enthusiasm among the private members of the denominations in question.

As a matter of fact, in all such movements the leaders must be presumed to be real leaders, guides of their flocks in the highest spiritual sense of the word. I may add, however, that, having spoken several times and in various places on the present union movement. I have been surprised and delighted to hear the warmest approval of it given by private members in almost every audience I have addressed; but I know also they will never take any personal part in promoting it. They will leave that to those into whose hands the care of such an event naturally falls.

3. The question of a name for the new denomination is inevitably one of the most sensitive of all that must be considered in a union movement. It seems to me, however, that the choice of a name ought to be left, if not till the very last, then as near the end of all other negotiations as possible. Especially is this necessary when denominations of such varied size numerically and varied influence historically are concerned as in the case before us. Mutual acquaintance is essential to the right choice even of the new name. There must be much discussion about it. But I trust that no one will assume at the start and make it a reason for opposing the union, that the name ultimately chosen will prove an injury to the churches which choose it, or that those interests which are the most extensive will be ignored in the decision of the matter.

4. I am moved by various remarks that have been made to urge that amongst ourselves as Congregationalists there should be no suggestion or assumption by any section that others are disloyal to the denomination. The question before us is not whether we are to cease being Congregationalists and become worshipers of bishops. There is not a single man in the denomination who has made any such proposal, even in the secret of his own heart. The present discussion regarding reorganization is not raised only by this movement for union. It has been rising like an irresistible flood through recent years all over American Congregationalism. We are ripe in any case for extensive changes in our methods of managing the national societies, church extension in city and country, and ministerial standing.

I am not speaking without warrant, for the radical changes which have been already made in various State Associations confirm this statement. And both English and Scottish Congregationalists have been reorganized. And yet none of these changes already made has been found to interfere with the true Congregationalism of the churches in those states and countries. If some of the proposals made by the Dayton council are felt to go too far, it is not yet time to assert that any one who sup-

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ported them there or elsewhere is a traitor to his denomination. I am persuaded that it is only necessary to prove that any suggested element in the new constitution will injure Congregational freedom and self-respect, and it will be at once abandoned by every Congregationalist in the land. But this we can discover best without rancor and suspicion. If we assume that every other man is honestly seeking how to make Congregationalism most effective, we shall discuss his plan and our own with that calmness which leads into the light.

5. In all discussions concerning denominational union there are those who raise the question whether union as such is desirable or not. Some even seem to imagine that it is an argument against any one case of union to prove that denominationalism has been used of God for the extension of the Church, and that a monotony of uniformity would lead to stagnation and death in the Church. I desire to urge with all earnestness that the abstract question as to whether universal uniformity is desirable, if possible, has nothing whatever to do with the practical question whether union of these brethren here and now is practicable and desirable. This is the question before the Methodist Protestant Church, the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, and the Congregationalists of America.

No one would be so bold as to assert that the proposed union will undoubtedly be consummated. No one would urge that the consummation should be forced hastily. Let us take even years to secure it, rather than endanger unanimity by hasty action. But those who were at the Dayton council must surely all have felt that the leaders of the denominations, at any rate, both desired the union and believed it to be possible. The preliminary sketches of the method of union which they made were avowedly only preliminary, and will require prolonged consideration and much revision.

I have written these words in order to urge upon my brethren that we should not say anywhere, still less that we should print a single word of bitterness or of mutual suspicion. Shall we not assume that if this thing ought to be done it can be done; and that, on the other hand, if it can be done, in the name of all common sense and the Spirit of Christ, it ought to be done?—From *The Congregationalist.*

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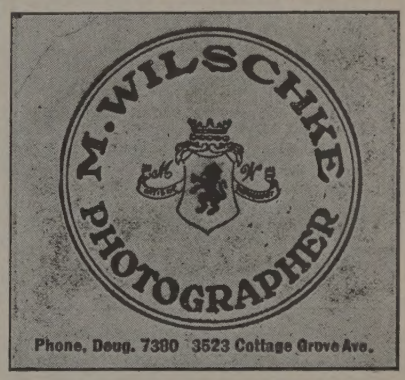

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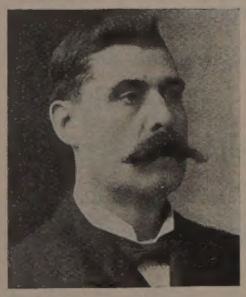

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